

THE CRUMB.

Vol. 59, No. 2

The Bread Loaf Writer's Conference

Wed., Aug. 15, 1984

for the country will bring us no peace.

--William Carlos Williams

PROGRAM:

9:00	Robert Pack	Lecture: "Desire and Poetic Form"	Little Theatre
10:10	Hilma Wolitzer	Lecture: "Learning to Sing"	Little Theatre
11:20	William Matthews	Lecture: "Dull Subjects"	Little Theatre
2:00	Jerome Charyn	Lecture: (wait and see.)	Little Theatre
4:20	Joyce Johnson Wyatt Prunty	Reading from their work (Non-fiction, Poetry)	Little Theatre
8:15	Marvin Bell	Reading from <u>Drawn by Stones</u> , <u>by Earth</u> , <u>by Things that Have</u> <u>Been in the Fire</u> , and more...	Little Theatre

Unless It Was Courage

Again today, balloons aloft in the hazy here,
three heated, airy, basket-toting balloons,
three triangular boasts again against the haze
of summer and the gravity of onrushing fall--
these win me from the wavy chrr-ing of locusts
that fills these days the air between the trees,
from the three trembly outspreading cocoons hanging
by the very thought of hundreds of new butterflies,
and from all other things that come in threes
or seem to be arranged. These are arranged,
they are the perfection of mathematics as idea,
they have lifted off by making the air greater--
nothing else was needed unless it was courage--
and today they do not even drag a shadow.

It was only a week ago I ran beneath one.
All month overhead had passed the jetliners,
the decorated company planes, the prop jobs
and great crows of greed and damage (I saw one
dangle a white snake from its bill as it flew),
and all month I had looked up from everywhere
to see what must seem from other galaxies
the flies of heaven. Then quickly my chance came,
and I ran foolish on the grass with my neck bent
to see straight up into the great resonant cavity
of one grandly wafting, rising, bulbous, whole
balloon, just to see nothing for myself. That
was enough, it seemed, as it ran skyward and away.
There I was, unable to say what I had seen.
But I was happy, and my happiness made others happy.

--Marvin Bell
From Drawn by Stones

MOTHER KNAUSS BEST

For manuscripts to be read and critqued in conference, they must be in the
hands of the Office Assistants by 10:00 this morning. You'll be mortally
ashamed if you forget. While you're at the office, if you are, you can
pick up manuscripts submitted with your application, should you want them back;
and if perchance you have all this off your back, share a friendly word or
two with the Staff of Loaf. They brave papercuts on your behalf.

NO NATALITIES WERE REPORTED

Today is Joan Elkin's birthday. Don't tell her you know. She's 28.

OVER —

SPLENDOR IN THE GRASS, ALAS

The Unc'oholics and Auntacids of Treman Cottage would like to inform you of a Family Gathering for the whole campus, on the West Lawn by the Inn, following Thursday afternoon's reading (approximately 5:30). Refreshments provided. In case of rain, please gather in the Barn, which is also provided.

THE BOOK STORY

Karen, Martha, and Sue Ellen think you have a right to know the Bookstore's hours: Monday-Saturday, 8:30-9:00am, 10:00am-12:30pm, 2:00-5:00pm. They are closed Sunday. Consumer Tip: Breck Hairspray comes in two varieties, looks swell, and heads a list of fine non-literary merchandise. Great on French Toast, too!

WHITE LIGHTNIN'

On Friday, the fleet Clydesdales of Treman will careen down the mountain for the first Booze Run of the season. Don't miss it. Details forthcoming.

THUS BOOTS IT WITH INCESSANT CARE

See Chris Merrill if you are interested in playing soccer--a game is in the works against the valley's Alibi Team.

SHALL WITH THEIR GOAT FEET DANCE THE ATTIC HAY

Karen Andes will be running a dance exercise class in the Barn Loft--to get there, go all the way up the classroom steps--after the 4:20 readings. Bring clothes you can move in, and something you can lie on.

RESEMBLANCE

Tonight, the winner of the 4th annual Marvin Bell Look-Alike Contest will be chosen amid fanfare in the dining hall. Dare to be a case of mistaken identity, and enter yourself, or bring any other person, place, or thing (so long as it is not Marvin Himself or anything that looks like a tracing) to lunch today. Early front runners: Uncle Jack Sharman and his hat from Alabama, Richard Tillinghast, the Adirondack Chairs, and Albert Goldbarth. Whee!

"15. Can you Xerox Marvin Bell?" --James Willard

"If that's Marvin, who's Albert Goldbarth?" --Carl Stach

LOAF CYCLES

This from Genial Inn Manager Bob Handy and Insatiably Genial Caretaker Leo Hotte: As the Fire Code does not allow bicycles in the dormitories, please store them in the racks behind the Inn. There they will be cared for with all the tenderness man can lavish on machine. P.S. Please lock up--we've lost one so far.

INNCYCLICALS

Also from Bob: a reminder to you to check your mailbox frequently, especially after meals, as it's practically the only way to get in touch with you.

MISSREADING

One reading was left off the green schedule you got at registration. We are proud to re-include Fellows Norman Williams, Sharon Stark, and Alice Fulton, who will bard it on Sunday at 4:20 pm.

WOULD YOU HAVE YOUR SONGS ENDURE?

Strangers on the street will turn your way in wonder. The sun will shine in all its glory, and souls thought lost will turn to charitable works. This miraculous influence is yours to bestow when you become a Bread Loaf Madrigal Singer. First meeting is tonight at 7:15, in the Barn. If you know one, bring along a Director.

ONCE MORE DEAR FRIENDS...

The feature article on rumor policy scheduled for this issue has been rescheduled for tomorrow, due to legitimate news. In its place, we offer what's been recently...OVERHEARD in the dining hall A: "Our friendship goes beyond mere name-calling." B: "I'm not through insulting you yet."..."Which waitress am I going to take with me to Switzerland?" --Murphy..."You know what happened last time I wore that bowling shirt." --Wolitzer, winner of the Best Dark Reference to Past Summers award.

Have a perfectly splendid day.

-dk

THE CRUMB



Vol. 59, No. 3 The Bread Loaf Writer's Conference Thur., Aug. 16, 1984

Si pelleixerunt perditum amittum domum. --Plautus, Menaechmi
(Once he's seduced, they send him home a wreck.)

BILL OF FARE:

9:00	Rob Cowley, Random House	Guest Lecture	Little Theatre
10:10	Nancy Willard	Native Lecture	Little Theatre
11:20	Alice Turner, <u>Playboy</u> Eileen Schnurr, <u>Mademoiselle</u> Dan Menaker, <u>The New Yorker</u>	Panel Discussion: Magazine Editors	Little Theatre
2:00	Discussion Groups	Locations posted with group lists	
4:20	Chase Twichell (Reading Poetry from <u>Haunted Planet</u>) Jay Parini (Fiction from <u>The Patch Boys</u>) Baron Wormser (Poetry from <u>White Words</u> and <u>Good Trembling</u>)	Little Theatre	
8:15	Hilma Wolitzer	A reading of selected Fiction entitled "Women and Children First."	Little Theatre

I was her lone child, come late in life, "like a biblical miracle." She might have more appropriately named me Ruth or Leah, but instead she chose Paulette, after her favorite actress and after a distant cousin on my father's side. I believe she had a premonition that I was to be last as well as first and so had used the female version of a masculine name to cover all unfulfilled dreams. And she was right. My birth had denied passage to any future brothers and sisters. My mother claimed that one morning a few months later everything had simply fallen out of her. As a young misinformed girl, I had pictured the worst: a giblet tangle of fallopian tubes, ovaries, and the little pear-shaped uterus, all lying useless on the bathroom floor. But first I had been born, dropped in agony like an oversized egg from a disconsolate chicken. Way behind schedule, my mother was impatient for the natural order of the generations.

When I was twenty my goal was to lie entwined with Howard forever. We had met at a school dance in my second year at N.Y.U. He was eight years older, a saxophonist with the combo that was playing that night. I didn't want to dance at all; I just stood against a wall and watched him and listened to the music and felt that giddy sickness that would not go away. "What's the matter with you?" my girl friends asked, but I couldn't explain it then.

--Hilma Wolitzer, In The Flesh

THE SILVER SWANNE, WHO LIVING HAD NO NOTE

Nobody showed up for the Madrigal rehearsal last night, save a disconsolate Dick Mounts. Not even a Director. Is there no one in this community with a love of music, a rich sense of the past, a thirst for power? Think it over and be there tonight, 7:20 in the Barn. In the event of another shortage, we of Renaissance Europe are empowered to nationalize the Volleyball teams and the New David Bain Minstrels.

WALL SHEET JOURNAL

Thanks to Tom Miller, the William Stafford Poetry Wall has been established on the East Side of the Barn. You are urged to respond in kind to any poem up there, so try your hand. It's a great way to show us-all your work, and to break that rule about not writing at the Conference.

WE COULDN'T CAROL LESS?

In honor of Carol Knauss's ability to keep things flowing smoothly under fire, the Convent and Laity of Bread Loaf would like to take this opportunity to rename Johnson Pond after our spiritual Mother. Let it henceforth be known as Lake Superior. Note: Unattired swimmers subject to penance.

LEMYOOZE RUN

Debbie L. and her colleagues at Treman wish to remind you of the Booze Run Friday. Orders and payment will be accepted in the Blue Parlor after lunch; then the doors of the Livery Unstable will be thrown open for the swift passage of the Fleet of Clydesdales, which will churn its shaggy feet faster than is describable in order to bring you your merchandise at the afternoon's gala Cocktail Party. Details on that below.

ALL-INTERESTED PARTIES REPORT

The Alkaloids also mention: 1) Today's Reception and Coming Together, to take place on the West Lawn by the Inn, after the 4:20 readings, and 2) The Friday afternoon Cocktail Party, after the readings, at which drinks will be supplied from Treman's wide-open bar, under the lofty pine behind the Little Theatre, next to the Tennis Courts. To the Barn, if it rains either afternoon.

OVER THE COUNTER

From Bob Handy and the Front Officials: If you ordered the New York Times, please pick it up (after 10:30) at the Front Desk. Payment due on first visit. Also, if you must park along the Highway in front of the Inn--allowable for very short stops only--please park well away from the road. Lumber trucks and their brethren can demolish your car, as can a Fleet of Clydesdales.

ERRATACA

Due to the ineptitude of the Crumb editor, a word was changed and an entire line dropped from Marvin's poem, "Unless It Was Courage," in yesterday's issue. If you wish to see the poem entire, run straight to the bookstore for a copy of Drawn by Stones etc., only \$6.95 and no tax.

LANDERS' ANSWERS

Dear Crumb: Does Professor Bell pay for all this publicity? --R.P.

Dear Ron: Yes, just like anyone else, except with departmental funds.

ANDES' DANCERS

Karen wishes all health seekers to know that afternoon dance exercise will not be held daily, so check the Crumb for announcements.

SONORITIES

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow is not featured in Sonora Review #6, but Bell, Stern, Engman, Skoyles, Olds, and others are. Copies are available from Robert Boswell or Tony Hoagland, Room 38, The Box.

PATROL IN THEM THAR HILLS

With regret, the Crumb Staff announces that a vicious rumour--which we detest as much as toejam-in-quantity--has already swept the Writer's Conference. It requires a good quashing, right here.

Many people have approached us, showing a good deal more white in their eyes than is customary this early on, asking us to confirm or deny reports of a "Gossip Squad," or "Rumour Patrol" modelled on certain House Committees of the Early 50's. Let me put down my notebook to reassure you (as I have them): There Is Simply No Such Thing. The Crumb has enough legitimate news to purvey that it needn't go sniffing around back doors. So you needn't feel guarded. Neither need you feel like you must always be quotable, for we do not print the names of the shy for others to make sport of. Just feel free to take a deep breath and enjoy these twelve short days any way you like, with no hassles.

And if you hear of any rumor, at all, that you think needs to be sat on and held tight 'til it begs for mercy, you just scoot right in to the Office and unburden yourself to

your friend, Doug

P.S. Regarding parallel rumors: The persons in the woods with parabolic mikes are ornithologists from SUNY-Albany. Pay them no heed. While you're at it, heed not the men rewiring Maple and Birch, the Bulgarians with Dark Glasses (working on this Fall's Bread Loaf Economic Summit), or the Hanger Counters in your closet, who are affiliated with Middlebury's Buildings and Grounds crew. They would hate to be the bases of unnecessary fear. So just wave, and above all, be natural.

Have another splendid day.

THE CRUMB



Vol. 59, No. 4

The Bell Loaf Writer's Conference

Fri., Aug. 17, 1984

Drink and be whole again beyond confusion. --Robert Frost

GROUP DU JOUR:

9:00	Ron Powers	Lecture: "Intervening in the Territory"
10:10	Stanley Elkin	Lecture: "What's in a Name?"
11:20	Mark Strand	Lecture: "XYZ"
2:00	David Godine (Godine Publishers) Page Cuddy (Avon Books)	Guest Lecture: Publishing
4:20	Richard Hawley Emily Grosholz Charles Baxter	Reading from their Fiction/Nonfiction, Poetry, and Fiction.
8:15	William Matthews	Reading Poetry from <u>A Happy Childhood</u> and more.

from GOOD (first section)

I'd seen wallpaper--I had buckaroos all over my
bedroom--but my friend the only child had ceiling paper;
in the dark he had a flat sky, if stars make

a sky. Six feet above his bed, where the soul hovers
when the body's in doubt, he had a phosphorous
future, a lifetime of good marks for being alone.

He's an only child, you know, my parents would say.

OK, but I slept with no lid, like a shoe left out-
doors or an imaginary friend, with no sky to hold
him down nor light by which to watch him drift away.

--William Matthews, from A Happy Childhood

All events in the Little Theatre.

BLUE LIGHT SPECIAL

Walden Books has just been bought by K mart Corporation.

WHEN THE MIND MAKES A PROMISE THAT THE BODY CAN'T KEEP

Erik Greenberg and Phil Elkin cordially request your presence at The Baseball Annies and Andies High-Pitch Society Softball Outing, Sunday afternoon in the Wriggily Field behind Maple. Hear Francine Prose, then join the Pros at 3:10. Bring gloves, if you have them, and programs to sign.

THAT'S A BUNCHA CRAMP

For those who wish to loosen up before the Game, and can't wait for the Bloody Mary Party at 12:15, a Pack will form for the Fourth or Fifth Annual Writer's Cramp Run at 11:00 Sunday morning on the road between Annex and Cherry. The Course is a leisurely 3½ miles to the Homer Noble Farm and back. See Gary Margolis or Marvin Bell for details.

AND THEN IT'S TIME FOR TEA-SHIRT

Why do athletes get all the press time? All the glory? The Olympics for Aesthetes starts today. The first event: Design a new Writer's Conference T-Shirt or Tote Bag. Submit all drawings to the Crumb (box outside Secretaries' Office). Winners will be chosen by a secret hidden panel. They will receive something of far greater worth than a silver-filled medal: a Writer's Conference T-Shirt or Tote to fill themselves. Also, Sue Ellen has a Bookstore Secret she will reveal to no one.

NIGHT WALKMAN

Steve Marcoux, the Night Watchman, makes his rounds hourly, and due to the special nature of the Conference, many of you will meet him many times. He asks that you leave all outside lights, hall lights, and bathroom lights on, so that he is not forced to disturb you on an other-than-friendly basis. When it gets cold and you make a fire, please remember also that he is required by law to check the fireplace hourly.

OVER? →

MUSE RUN

By now you've been hearing hoofclops in your dreams; breathless anticipators, the time has come. The Booze Run will swing into action this afternoon at 2:00 in the Blue Parlor. Once orders and payments are taken there, Uncle Woody Woodsum will uncork a familiar high-pitched yell to "Rhino" Cirrhosis of the Livery Unstable, who will unloose the fabulous mythical beasts for their mad gallop. Pick up your purchases at the Little Theatre Cocktail Party, around 5:30. You'll want to pay double just for the show.

CANADAY GO BY HERE WITHOUT A PARTY?

Doesn't look that way. Here's the Master List from Treman: First, a lavish Cocktail Soiree, near the Library but not in it behind the Little Theatre today after the Hawley/Grosholz/Baxter reading. Disorient yourself at the Open Bar. Second, the Beer and Skitters Dance--a frivolous exercise of which this editor does not approve--will be held anyway in the Barn following Ron Powers' reading Saturday night. He does not approve in the slightest.

A DILLAR, A DOLLAR, A TEN O'CLOCK SCHOLAR:

The Scholars will read Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday in the Cook Room of the Library. At 10:00 (or a short time after the evening readings). Programs forthcoming in the Crumb.

THE BETTER PARK OF VALOR

Please park your vehicles in the lot provided, by the Barn, not on the highway or in the spaces reserved for Kitchen Staff and deliveries behind the Inn. What do you think this place is, a 7-11?

OYER AND TERMINER--WILL THE MEANING BE REVEALED?

Those interested in a Fictionary Tournament next week respondez to box 2394.

FROM THE BREADVIARY

Mother Superior Knauss asks that you try to be on time for all lectures and readings, out of courtesy to the reader and the audience. She also mentions that subscription order forms for the house publication--the other house publication, known as the New England Review and Bread Loaf Quarterly--are available at the office. She also asks me to ask you what's long and red and happens at the end of September.

FIT FOR THE SONGS OF OUR CHILDREN'S CHILDREN

As Paul Gray will not be able to join us Monday, there will be an informal discussion on Writing for Children at 2:00pm in the Library's Apple Cellar.

IMMIGRANT

Mary McArthur of the NEA is here today and will be happy to meet with anyone interested in grants at 3:15 in the Apple Cellar.

AND IF AT THE CHURCH THEY WOULD SERVE US SOME ALE

After some bewildering requests, the Snack Bar Ladies would like to remind you that they do not serve wine, only fine food and non-alcoholic beverages. They would also appreciate it if you could find a second to throw your trash in the receptacles provided, especially at the condiment table.

INNOCENTS ABREAD

As a recurring feature, the Crumb would like to help you become familiar with the campus and the colorful people and places dotting it. In lieu of the Horoscope, then, please to peruse the Crumb Guide to Buildings and their Inhabitants...

The Inn: Formerly a resort hotel owned by the interesting Joseph Battell, this sprawling complex once featured--appropriately enough--a bowling alley God, who doesn't like bowling but is a sucker for drama, burned the appropriate wing of the Inn down in 1931 to make way for the Little Theatre. Unfortunately, He got a little carried away, and took the new Library with it. The Inn's spacious upstairs hallways are still fine for recreation, and vacationers in the Catskills report sounds like bowling coming from the vicinity. It is singular that Inn residents tend to go home and sleep for twenty years.

Tamarack: This building, commanding a view of everybody on campus, was built by mistake on the wrong side of Rte. 125, a fact that explains a great deal of its character. Without question, it is the center of gentility at Bread Loaf--from its neo-plantation architecture to its upstanding denizens. During the School of English, Tara houses mature, quiet ladies; during the Conference, it houses Joyce Johnson, Carol Oles, and Carl Stach, among others. Sunsets from the balcony are gorgeous, and the men on the second floor run a friendly chaperone service, making it the perfect place to leave your little sister.

Y'all take care now.

THE CRUMB

Saturday Morning
Edition—Large Print
for small eyes.

Vol. 59, No. 5 The Nth Powers Writer's Conference Sat., Aug. 18th

And every Blossom on the Bush
Adjusts its tumbled Head--
Emily Dickinson

SPECIALS OF THE DAY:

9:00	Marvin Bell	Lecture: "Free Verse Voice"
10:10	Francine Prose	Lecture: "The Function of the Storyteller"
11:20	Ellen Levine	Guest Lecture: Literary Agents
2:00	Discussion Groups	Same Places
4:20	David Bain Ron Hansen	Reading Nonfiction from <u>Sitting in Darkness</u> and Fiction from "True Romance"
8:15	Ron Powers	Reading Nonfiction...

I re-entered Hannibal almost without noticing it, until the tableau of green bluffs and white buildings and silver river came rushing at me as though through time.

I re-entered in the late light of day that pushes color to a surreal warmth, so that the riverfront, with its low-slung railroad-town architecture, resembled a hand-tinted postcard from an age when streets were wider than they needed to be. The clean business streets still abutted the bases of abrupt green hills, pavement giving way to nature with an absence of transition I had found stunning even as a child.

I slowed to the municipal speed limits and remembered my grandfather's unhurried Packard, running boards and straw upholstery. There were no people on the streets. I had somehow imagined familiar but spectral faces on every corner peering in at me, the news of my arrival spreading with telepathic speed, perhaps in the way that in a graveyard, news of a fresh arrival spread. But there was no one. Only the town and the swelling river, its broad featureless plain traversed by the waiting skeleton of the Mark Twain Bridge.

--Ron Powers, "Back to Hannibal"

MENS SAUNA IN CORPORE SANO

Taper your workouts and load carbohydrates for the Writer's Cramp Run and High-Pitch Softball Outing, Sunday at 11:00am and 3:10 pm.

CLEANLINESS IS NEXT TO GODLINESS AND PATIENCE IS NEXT TO THE WASHER
A reminder that the washing machines do not start immediately--the dryers start even less immediately--because it takes time for the tickets to melt. Odd, but true. Allow yourself plenty of time before panicking.

I WOULD CONDEMN IT AS AN IMPROBABLE FICTION

Head Head Waiter Carl maintains that the big white parcel left at lunch today will be used to endow the John DeLorean Fiction Fellowship, or to buy designer shades for the Dining Room Staff. Or something. Contacted by phone late Friday, a puzzled DeLorean commented: "I've never been there. It must have been somebody who looks like me."

RING AROUND THE SCHOLAR

The Scholars of One Candle will read Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday evenings after the evening reading, 9:30-ish.

RESTING UPON A BROKEN STAFF

The Staff of Loaf will read Monday afternoon in two installments-- 2:00-3:00 and 3:10-4:10--which the best sort of people will of course think of as one installment with an intermission.

THE SMOKE AND STIR OF THIS DIM SPOT

Those accustomed to smoking during readings on the shady west porch of the Little Theatre may be forced to seek fresh woods and ashtrays new, for the Mother Superior has interdicted such goings-on. Prevailing winds carry the smoke directly into the Theatre.

ROLL UP OUR →

PLEASE DON'T SLEAZE THE SHARMAN

The Editor shudders in announcing the approach of another Beer Dance, brought to you by the usually fine young men and women of Treman. As happens, the dancing begins after Ron Powers' reading, and shakes the Barn until very early in the morning. It is an undisguisable excuse for touching other people. No matter how carried away you are by the music, you ought to be ashamed.

MOVING PICTURES

Stirring portraits of the Faculty, Fellows, Scholars, Administrative Staff, and Dining Room Staff will be taken at 12:15 today in the vicinity of Treman. David Bain and his instrument of portraiture will conduct the event.

COME GIVE ME A BIG PLUG

After David's Sitting in Lightness tomorrow--and after his reading--you may find you wish to purchase Sitting In Darkness. It will arrive in the Bookstore around Tuesday. Jerome Charyn, who has not read yet but will on Monday and who has already written and published the Isaac Quartet--it arrived today--is also featured in this ad.

SUMB CRUBMISSIONS

In order to insure that the Crumb staff arrive at his late-night information meetings on time, he requests that submissions for the next day's issue be in his box by early afternoon the day before. This is especially true for people with readings and lecture topics, because we can't get started until we have the front page material. Please help out and get your reading choices (excerpts if applicable) in on time. Or face the consequences.

BLAST FROM THE PAST

Buck Matthews would like to pass this find on: 'Old Hotel Antiques in Stockbridge VT. (11 miles to the right from Hancock, over the mountain to the East) has a large supply of early magazines called Good Stories, two for a dollar in excellent shape. Such all time favorites as "Sam Fixes Things Up", "Stammering Tongues", "A Jailbird's Easter", "Muriel Wins Through", and "Paco, the Boatman of Avalon" are featured in the April 1925 and December 1935 issues I purchased. (Plagiarers please copy!) I've seen them and man, oh man, do they look wonderful.'

COFER BROKE

Bob Houston's sharp ears picked up this OVERHEARD AT THE BARN: "After midnight, Bob Houston turns into a Mexican Peasant. Come to think of it, after midnight I turn into a Jewish Intellectual." This from none other than Librarian Judith Ortiz Cofer.

NAMELESS REMEMBERED ACTS

There is a Poets' Reading Sunday afternoon in Barn Classroom 1, after Francine Prose's reading. However, this is all I know. Just Poets.

SUNDAY BLOODY SUNDAY

Treman's Friends of Potation bring you another Gala event: Sunday Bloody Maries on the Lawn Behind Bridgeman Cottage. Come on over at 12:15 for veritable vats of their famous recipe.

JOAN CALI

We have just received word that the DeLorean Fellow has been nominated and accepted for next year. The Fictional Fellow is Julian Grobin, an 80-year old retired postal clerk who sells chapters of his novel for a dollar each in front of the CBS Building in Manhattan. 1000 copies of chs. 1 and 5 have been sold. The book is called Goodness and Sweetness of Life; Summaries and vita are available from the Crumb Editor. Mr. Grobin was nominated by none other than Joan Rivers (nee Young), a special Conference Guest and friend of the Powers family. When contacted about this further development, Mr. DeLorean was recorded as saying "Who the hell are you?" He wishes you all well.

SUNDAY NO WORK TIMES

Vol. 59, No. 6 Bread Loafer's Riot Conference Sun., Aug. 19, 1984

Once I had recognized the taste of the crumb of madeleine
soaked in her decoction of lime flowers...

--Marcel Proust (tr. Scott Moncrieff)

THE SHORT FORM:

2:00 Francine Prose Reading from a new novel,
*sp?...
4:20!* as yet untitled...

8:15 Robert Pack Reading poetry from the new book,
Faces In A Single Tree, and from
a work in progress, Clayfeld Rejoices,
Clayfeld Laments.

Vera has a special feeling for Bigfoot. At This Week, everyone wants to make the front page, and Vera's first front page story was I MARRIED BIGFOOT. It told of an Oregon housewife, missing and long presumed dead, now reappeared, claiming to have been kidnapped from her kitchen by Bigfoot, whose patient vegetarian ways--so different from her carnivore human hubby's--soon won her heart. Bigfoot taught her the secrets of the forest. She taught him the harmony line to "Precious Lord, Take My Hand." Then gradually Bigfoot's passion cooled. He began spending more and more time away in the wilderness until one night he went out for a pack of cigarettes and never returned.

--Francine Prose, untitled

EPITHALAMIUM

Some say the world will end in fire,
Some say in ice. --Frost

What in hell is going on? This autumn flare-up
startle into song
every red and orange that my eyes
have romped among.
Never have I seen grass glow so frosted thick,
the doomed leaves blaze
as if this dawn were the beginning
of their quick days.
Fornicators arise, this is the dawn
to dance your heat,
although you feel the final pallor creeping
upwards in your feet.
Mate eye to orange leaf, mate yellow leaf to field,
your reds strewn out,
and hotly stroll the hill. This is the promised land
rejoicers joy about.
Red, red, I come to greet you, friends,
so come with me
to handle hallelujah voices, flaming
yellow with this tree.
In my heart's home I know white winter doom;
I know red bliss.
By heaven, someone must make wedding music
for all this!

--Robert Pack, from Waking To
My Name

SYLVANITY, SAITH THE PREACHER
Msgr. George Murphy will say Mass today at 10:00 am in the Apple
Cellar of the Library.

WHY ART THOU CAST DOWN, O MY SOLE
Hoofclops once again, as the Writer's Cramp Run starts for its
4th time, 11:00 am this post-Olympic morning. The run will have
been a terse 3½ miles in the future perfect tense.

2. FELLOWS NORMAN WILLIAMS, SHARON STARK, AND ALICE FULTON will
read FICTION and POETRY. Don't miss it!
over..

HE THAT IS NOT WITH ME IS AGAINST ME

The Bread Loaf Recreation Department headed by Messrs. Elkin and Greenberg announces the Softball Outing today at 3:20. If the pattern of past years still exists, the Poets will take on the Prose Writers. Bet carefully.

SHED FOR MANY FOR THE REMISSION OF SINS

The Social Staff will host a eucharistical Bloody Mary Agape in the field behind Bridgman Cottage. Join them at 12:15.

AND IN THE EVENING WITHHOLD NOT THINE HAND

Tonight after Bob Pack's reading, the first batch of Scholars will present themselves for your pleasure. The program of readers: Patricia Clark, Stephen Dowdall, Elizabeth Evans, Jean Nordhaus. Come hear the first of this week's great Anthology Readings.

UNTIL THE DAY BREAK, AND THE SHADOWS FLEE AWAY

The following mellow ditty was found in the Crumb Box:

If perchance you should be drunk
And wand'ring in the road at three,
Of course sing praises to the moon
But sing those praises QUIETLY.

A TIME TO EMBRACE AND A TIME TO REFRAIN FROM EMBRACING

OVERHEARD IN THE DINING HALL: "I don't understand you; one minute you're strictly cashmere and the next minute you're violent and dangerous."

CONSIDER THE LILIES OF THE FIELD

Winter in Key West? Mature, responsible Girl-Friday wanted as Office Manager of Tendril Magazine/Wampeter Press. Four-hour workday in exchange for low wages, lots of writing time, as-yet-unimagined adventures, as well as room and board on a houseboat anchored at Key West's most beautiful beach.

This is a serious ad and offer. See George Murphy.

BETTER IS A HANDFUL WITH QUIETNESS

The Management has noticed a dramatic rise in goings-off of electronic alarm watches in the Little Theatre during readings. We request that all set their watches instead for 6:45 pm, during Headwaiter Carl Stach's dinner entertainment. (DB)

GOD HATH NUMBERED THY KINGDOM, AND FINISHED IT

And here is what you've been waiting for--the Crumb's 1st Diagramless Crossword Puzzle, 13x8x18x21:

ACROSS

1. Old Rugged thing
2. "And let me see thee ever
-gartered"
5. What some hot buns are.
12. Don't do it to a bridge
until you come to it!
17. Things that are hard to
swallow get stuck in people's
 .
19. This direction.
37. What the Antient Mariner
shot?
39. What he shot it with.
40. Ride a cock-horse to Ban-
bury _____.

DOWN

1. _____ The Bar, Tennyson
2. As rich as _____ ?
3. In Flanders fields the poppies
grow/Between the _____ row on
row.
4. The _____ of Rhodes?
5. Why did the chicken do this
to the road?
12. "Papa will be ever so _____"
--Shirley Temple
13. What Sheridan says an oyster
may be, in love.
19. "...a sparkling _____ she wore/
That Jews might kiss and infi-
dels adore." Pope

SHIRLEY GOODNESS AND MERCY WILL FOLLOW ME

The Shirley Stirneman Late-Night Beer Dance is over. All that remains to put it to rest is the notification of the Dance Contest winners: Jack "Jumpin' Flash" Sharman and Judith "I can do this in my sleep, but only without the headdress" Cofer. Thanks to all for making it as pleasant an experience as possible.

Enjoy your day of rest.

THE CRUMB

Vol. 59, No. 7 The Breath Loss Writer's Conference Mon., Aug. 20

La chair est triste, hélas! et j'ai lu tous les livres.
(The flesh is sad, alas, and I have read all the books.)

--Stéphane Mallarmé

CARRY-OUT MENU:

9:00	Nicholas Delbanco	Lecture: "First Person Plural"
10:10	Linda Pastan	Lecture: "Whose Woods Are These?"
11:20	Donald Justice	Lecture: "Notes from an Outsider"
4:20	Lady Borton Tom Sleigh Meredith Pierce	Reading from her Nonfiction, his Poetry (<u>After One</u> and more), her Fiction (<u>The Darkangel</u>)
8:15	Jerome Charyn	Reading from his Fiction...

"I will," the Fisherman said. And he drove off, leaving Annie with the king awash in her head. She had a sweet potato with the girls. She guzzled Irish whiskey. She thought of Marilyn. How did it feel to be seven times a bride? Annie was only married once, but she was twice a bride. Dermott's bride she was. Bride's bride. It was all a hoax. Blame it on the king and his donkey. The donkey had given her away in the cool of an Irish church. She had to take the wedding band off her finger. There was small magic in that church. She was still Annie Powell, the same Annie. Dermott's secret bride.

She drank whiskey with Margaret, Edna, and Mary Jane. The three witches understood the restless agony of knees jumping under Annie's skirts. Like a cow she was, a cow gone wild in the head without its mate. The whiskey had maddened her with a hoarse fever. "Bridey," she muttered. "the bride of Little Bride Street." Ah, she had the hallucinations. She was counting the streets of Dublin in her wild talk. Annie climbed over the barricade. Boxes tore around her feet. Rags spilled out. "Good night," she said, with the sun shining in her hair. Even the girls had enough sense in them to declare the difference between night and day. "Night," she said, "good night," and she shuffled into the gutters. She didn't have a penny in her skirts. She was going to hop from bar to bar singing Irish songs like any street musician and collect pints of whiskey for the girls. But she never got to the south side of Ninth Avenue.

--Jerome Charyn, from
Secret Isaac, fourth novel
in The Isaac Quartet

HEAVY MEDDLE

Roy Blount Jr. phoned yesterday to apologize for his Spenserian-Allegorical prose epic in Sunday's New York Times Book Review ("A Letter Home from the Paper Mountain Writer's Conference"): "Well, I guess it was an anopheles mosquito, ha ha. By the time mah fever came down low enough for me t' walk, they had published the damn thing. Hope you all aren't sore." The apology comes a little too late for Riverboat Gambler Houston and Heavily Muscled Reiss, who have left suddenly for New York on a fact-finding mission. Mr. Blount is the author of Bloodline and The Thorn Birds.

THE NORTHUN ANTHOLOGY OF LITERATURE

Three smashing new events to add to your calendar:

1. The Staff of Loaf Readings, at 2:00 and 3:10 in Barn 1, feature in the first set Carl Stach, Karen Andes, Sue Ellen Thompson, Linda Yorton, Judith Cofer, John Canaday, Jack Sharman, and Diann Shoaf; in the second, Chris Merrill, Debbie Lemieux, Liz Albert, Ben Reynolds, Andie Yellott, Doug Woodsum, Blue Argo, and The Crumb Editor.
2. There will also be an informal discussion for those interested in Children's Literature today at 2:00 in the Apple Cellar.
3. The Scholars will serve up their second helping of the Just Desserts Readings, following Jerry Charyn's Entree in The Cook Room. Choose from Kathy Fagan, Kathleen Lawrence, Maris Nichols--who nominates David Huddle for the Shirts you Want to Touch award--and Bruce Weber.

READY? NOW! →

HEAVY MEDDLE II
Bob Reiss, just in the Crumb Office with his suitcase re-reading the article, explains that he and Houston and Blount have the same agent. "Looks like it's going to be a doubles tournament," says Reiss. "Thwok!"

BY YOUR LEAVE
It's time to begin planning your return to the everyday world. If you need help getting to the airport or bus station, notify the Front Desk soon so that they can begin to plan transportation.

PORTRAIT OF A LATELY
Orders for big, juicy 8½x11 prints of Faculty, Fellows, Scholars, Waiters, and Administrative Staff will be taken in the Secretaries' Office. Prints are \$4.00 each, and will be mailed to you in about 6 weeks.

THE ANCIENT OF DAYS
Madrigalists must show for all rehearsals at 7:30, or the group will topple from its foundations.

GOOD AND BAD SPORTS
The Starting Bell announces the award winners of the 4th Annual Writer's Cramp Run. Here are their names in the paper:

1. Frank Soos	ca. 21:10	First and Foremost, 1st Fiction
2. Chuck Scott	22:42	First Poet
3. Cathleen Young	25:32	A Woman First and Last
4. Gary Margolis	26:04	Champion Founder
5. Stanley Bates	27:27	First Philosopher
6. Ron Hansen	28:26	Best Western
7. Herb Brown	29:12	Masters Winner

The more choleric Softball Outing ended with the Poets on top, 4-3. Proseur Steve Duffy adds this color commentary: "But they cheated, naturally. Taunts were flying like Sacrifices. Like, 'Your Couplets Have Three Lines...!'"

OVERSCENE
David Godine scrfing table scraps from a waiter's tray.

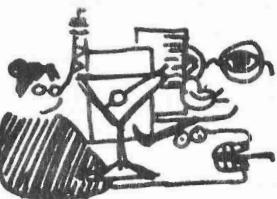
STEVE LIMITS
Nightwatchman Marcoux suggests that you keep your speed down on the Bread Loaf Campus, because you are endangering lives. This goes mostly for those who are driving cars.

OVERHEARD
At the Dance: "I feel like mating herons." --Rebecca Gilman..."It's nice to find somebody who's broken in." --Nancy Mairs at Treman... "I'd like to get pregnant. I find myself going around checking pulses. And IQs."--Anon., also at Treman.

THE SEVEN PERCENT SOLUTION
For you puzzle aficionados, here is the finished diagram for yesterday's Diagr

a_m
1 e s at the h
 s hey
 wh

Have a nice day, and don't play with matches.



THE CRUMB

LOST GENERATION
ISSUE - - -

Vol. 59, No. 8 The Tender Is Nigher's Conference Tues., Aug. 21

It makes one feel rather good deciding not to be a
bitch....It's sort of what we have instead of God.

--Ernest Hemingway

FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS:

9:00	David Bain Donald Justice Stanley Elkin	Barn 3 Barn 2 Barn 1	Workshops
10:40	William Matthews Nancy Willard Mark Strand	Barn 1 Barn 2 Barn 3	Workshops
2:00	Panel Discussion: Little Magazines		
4:00	Bob Reiss Tom Gavin	Reading from his Fiction, TBA Reading from his new novel, <u>The Last Film of Emile Vico</u>	
8:15	Linda Pastan	Reading from her Poetry, <u>including PM/AM...</u>	

WHAT WE WANT

What we want
is never simple.
We move among the things
we thought we wanted:
a face, a room, an open book
and these things bear our names--
now they want us.
But what we want appears
in dreams, wearing disguises.
We fall past,
holding out our arms
and in the morning
our arms ache.
We don't remember the dream,
but the dream remembers us.
It is there all day
as an animal is there
under the table,
as the stars are there
even in full sun.

--Linda Pastan, from
Waiting for My Life and PM/AM

THE LAST MACROON

The final few cookies on the plate for the Just Desserts Reading:
Scholars Mallomar "Miriam" Berkley, David "David" Graham, Oreone
"Irene" McKinney, Nicholas "Samaras" S'Mores, and Milano Best Tin-
sley, A.K.A. Molly. Bring finger bowls to the Cook Room of the
Library after Linda's reading tonight.

A MOVABLE FEAST

The Staff of Loaf Reading proved so rich and satisfying that an
extra reading and location have been scheduled to allow you to
digest. Walk around until Wednesday, and then come hungry to the
Inn's Blue Parlor, where Ben Reynolds, Andie Yellott, Chris Merrill,
Doug Woodsum, and The Crumb Staff will read, at night after Stanley
Elkin.

BIG TOP-HATTED ROGERS

Tonight in the Barn, about $\frac{1}{2}$ hour after the Pastan reading, Bread
Loaf Cinema will screen Top Hat, featuring hoofers Astaire and
Rogers. Pick up some moves or get them out of your system.

FOR MORE HOOFING →

BABYLON REVISITED

Prepare once again to cheer the High-Stepping Clydesdales on their way, for the second Booze Run commences Wednesday. Woods Howell, Dive Manager and former U.S. Marines Researcher is wiping foam from flank, readying his powerful charges for orders taken in from the Blue Parlor, 1:30-2:00. Pick up your moonshine during...

BLUE PERIOD

...That which the Social Staff would like to announce next. Miss Larch Well, a close cousin to Librarian Blue Argo, requests y'all's presence by the cement block which bears Miss Well's name. Bring Your Own Booze; the Social Staff supplies mixers. Jack Sharman will take all int'st'd parties dan t' th' lake when this event reaches its climax on Wednesday Afternoon, follerin' the 4: 20 reading by Nancy Mairs Craig Lesley and Richard Kenney.

OLD NEWSMAN WRITES

The Crumb Editor requests again that all submissions, especially lecture topics and reading selections, be in the Submissions box by early afternoon--say 2:00--so that he can get started. Otherwise, he ends up as he does now, 12:30am, with people getting him drunk and hoping he'll drive them down to the "Xerox Party" in town. Have a heart.

A FAREWELL TO ARMS

The Front Desk wishes to remind you to make your reservations soon if you want transportation down the mountain for bus or plane.

A SEPARATE PEACE

Bruce Weber, Esquire's own Drinking Man, deserves thanks for taking the Disc Jockeys aside Saturday night and bribing them to play another hour. Thank you, Bruce.

EAST EGG

Judith Richman is one of the hosts for the Long Island Poetry Collective's radio show, "The Sound of Poetry," and she is looking and listening for poets from the New York Metropolitan Area interested in being guests on the show. Please contact her through box #2350.

A CLEAN WELL-LIGHTED PLACE

Such is the Boston Public Library, which sponsors Poetry and Fiction writers for a Reading Series, and seeks them through The Writer's League of Boston--"interested in all forms and all voices," notes Christopher Kenneally, their representative here. You can contact Chris for information at box #2363.

FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS II

Marvin Bell starts once again, this time a plea for Bread Loafers Jokes--how many of us does it take to screw in etc. Send all to the Crumb Box for publication. When someone lurched away from him saying "I'll be back in 15 minutes," Bell quipped "That's the first one."

JUSTICE FOR ALL

Ronald Reagan has chosen Jeannie Kirkpatrick as his running mate.

Sleep Well, for In a real dark night of the soul it is always three o'clock in the morning, and Nick liked the sound that the fish made hitting the rock; it was a hard rock that would last well and a rock is a rock is a rock and the dark night will rock you the dark, night will.

Or have a fine day.



THE CRUMP

DO IT YOURSELFERS
ISSUE

Vol. 59, No. 9 The Don't Loaf Wordsmiths' Conference Wed., Aug. 22

The lyf so short, the craft so long to lerne,
Th'assay so hard, so sharp the conqueryinge.
--Geoffrey Chaucer

ON THE BENCH:

9:00	David Bain Bob Houston Bob Reiss Joyce Johnson	Panel Discussion: Reporting and Research
10:40	Nicholas Delbanco Barn 3 Robert Pack Barn 2 Linda Pastan Barn 1	Workshops
2:00	Marvin Bell Barn 1 Jerome Charyn Barn 2 Hilma Wolitzer Barn 3	Workshops
4:00	Nancy Mairs Craig Lesley Richard Kenney	Reading: Mairs, Poetry from <u>In All The Rooms of the Yellow House</u> and an Essay, <u>Plaintext</u> ; Lesley, from his Fiction; Kenney, from the Poetry.
8:15	Stanley Elkin	Reading from <u>The Magic Kingdom</u> ...

So there's, what's his name, Danny, trying to make a simple sardine or peanut-butter-and-jelly sandwich and drinking now out of the jelly and yahrzeit glasses and actual Corky the Clown mugs from the old high-chair days, wolfing it down because though he's not athletic and is normally a housebound child content to stay home and read, do homework, it breaks his heart to hear his mom cry and he can't stand absolutely to hear her complain how if there was a God she'd be a goner by now, and he's got to get out of there, back to the playground to get in a game which he knows he's not only bad at but hasn't even learned the rules of yet, even the goddamn object. Not to go for a walk, kick leaves, ride bikes with a pal, read books on a bench, but back to the playground, where he doesn't even like to be at recess, back to the actual goddamn playground where he knows damn well they'll choose him, even choose him early, before the better players, the ones who've got it together, whose reflexes hum like gears in fine machinery, whose timing and power and speed and concentration make them good up at bat, who wear their fielders' mitts as naturally and comfortably as Dan wears scarves, coats; who'll choose him early for the simple good fun of just making them laugh, giving them by simple dint of picking him for their side the right--the right--to denounce his errors, mock his play, him. To call him bad names and nudge him with elbows and push him around.

Not, Victor says, as you'd suspect, to take his mind off things but to get it back on them.

--Stanley Elkin,
from George Mills

A LOAF OF BREAD AND THOU The Staff of Loaf will read you their last few morsels tonight, before the Dining Room Staff comes to clean up Thursday and Friday. Bite-sized portions of: Prom King Ben Reynolds and Queen Andie Yellott, reading Fiction according to their respective rules; Grand Vizier Chris Merrill, reading intriguing short Fiction and Poetry; Court Jester Doug Woodsum, reading Poems from the World's Largest Corker Collection; and Fifth Prince in Succession Kincade, reading from his Juvenilia. After the Elkin reading, tonight, in the Blue Parlor.

BAIN DU SOLEIL

After retaking the Philippines, retaking the Barn, and retaking his place on the Bookstore's shelves, David Bain would also like to re-take the portraits of Faculty, Fellows, Scholars, Administrative Staff, and Dining Room Staff this Thursday afternoon after the Hadas/Houston reading, in the sunny vicinity of Treman.

PARADISE REGAIN'D It's not as hard as it used to be. Watch for explanations tomorrow.

GRASP (A), PERFORM A LEFT-HANDED WRENCH

A

HOW TOOZE

Follow these simple steps for a perfect Booze Run and Larch Well Party:

- 1) Fish around in pocket or purse for payment.
- 2) With money clasped tightly in hand, go to the Blue Parlor between 1:30 and 2:00 this afternoon.
- 3) Place an order with our Staff of Social Engineers for bottles of choice. Please give them the money.
- 4) Clap with delight as the snorting steeds gallop single-mindedly to the valley for potations.
- 5) Rejoice with an inaugural hit from your stock when the Clydesdales return it to the Larch Well Party, a do-it-yourselfer's dream event at which you add your fine alcohol to the mixers provided. This Free Act of Well will take place following the Mairs/Lesley/Kenney reading, at about 5:30.

HOW TO BOOKS

The Bookstore has updated their Hours: 8:30-10:30, 12:00-12:30, and 2:00-5:00. They will close for the season at 12:00 sharp on Saturday.

UNSIGNED HEARERS

To the anonymous soul who requested confirmation of a rumour: It is quite true.

BUS YOURSELVES ONE

The Front Desk says you'd better move it if you want their help in getting to the airport or bus station on time from here. Stop on by the friendly Travel Arrangements stand at the Desk and speak with Bob or Joan or Paul or Rick or Scott or Doug.

BUS YOURSELVES TO

The Dining Room Staff readings, starting Thursday and continuing Friday. Walk if you'd rather, but do come hear one of the most justifiably popular events of the Conference.

UNSUNG HEROES

This fine piece found in the Crumb box. As it's anonymous, I get the royalties to

Letter From Some Young Contributors

Whose LOAF this is at last we know
Now we've been here eight days or so--
It's taken long to learn the ropes,
Identify the high, the low.

"Contributors" have rushed to grope
Among the metaphors and tropes
Writ by the high, whose volumes slick
Are sold along with strong-armed soaps.

These authors LOAF portrays in pics
Cosmetic as a Times obit;
Credentials of the upper tier
Are circulated on prompt lists.

But we can't learn, and it feels queer,
The second name of any peer--
Ah yes, whose LOAF is crystal clear,
But don't forget whose BREAD, my dear.

--The Anonymous

DIURNAL SUBMISSIONS

As you can see from the above, now is the time for submissions to come flooding to this office, and we welcome them. We even Print Them. Here are some suggestions on how to make a Crumb:

- 1) Lecture topics and reading selections. We need them, or are forced to say lame things like 'from his/her work'. Even if you're not giving a reading or lecture, turn in your favorite topic/selection.
- 2) While you're at it, turn in poems, Bread Loafer Jokes, T-Shirt D-signs, Sniglets, the 5 Books that Changed your Life, Things OverHeard like "I'll race you to my bathing suit," (True, at Lake Superior), parodies, billet-doux, expensive gifts and 1001 other household projects to the Crumb Box, by early afternoon for inclusion the next day.

Don't let me have all the fun, and have some yourself today.

THE CRUMB

- LATE HOME -
- EDITION -

Vol. 59, No. 10 As Time Goes Biters' Conference Thurs., Aug. 23, 1984

Up, lad; when the journey's over
There'll be time enough for sleep.
--A.E. Housman

THE SLATE:

9:00	Francine Prose Marvin Bell Stanley Elkin	Barn 6 Barn 2 Barn 1	Workshops
10:40	Hilma Wolitzer Mark Strand Nancy Willard	Barn 1 Barn 2 Barn 6	Workshops
2:00	John Elder	Guest Lecture: Writing a Landscape (Little Theatre)	
4:00	Pamela Hadas Bob Houston	Reading: Hadas, Poetry, "Invasions of Privacy: Public Issues" (new and selected excerpts from a variety of female exper- iences); Houston, <u>The Nation Thief</u> , a novel about stealing Nicaragua.	
8:15	Donald Justice	Reading from his Poetry...	

IN BERTRAM'S GARDEN

Jane looks down at her organdy skirt
As if it somehow were the thing disgraced,
For being there, on the floor, in the dirt,
And she catches it up about her waist,
Smooths it out along one hip,
And pulls it over the crumpled slip.

On the porch, green-shuttered, cool,
Asleep is Bertram, that bronze boy,
Who, having wound her around a spool,
Sends her spinning like a toy
Out to the garden, all alone,
To sit and weep on a bench of stone.

Soon the purple dark will bruise
Lily and bleeding heart and rose,
And the little Cupid lose
Eyes and ears and chin and nose,
And Jane lie down with others soon
Naked to the naked moon.

--Donald Justice, from
The Summer Anniversaries and
Selected Poems

ELDER STATEMENT

John Elder, who will speak today at two, is the author of Imagining the Earth, an essay on Poetry and today's vision of nature; he has also published articles on related topics in the New England Review, Mass. Review, Orion, and most recently, this fall's issue of Vermont Life. He is also, if we may say so, an excellent teacher and talker. Don't miss his discussion of nature, writing, and its American tradition set in the context of this county's natural history.

TIP TIME

Please recognize the hard work of the Dining Room Staff, Snack Bar Ladies, and Maids with your generous donations to the appropriate Tip Tills: Dining Hall, Snack Bar, and Front Desk. For the Maids, please leave your tips in an envelope marked with the name of your building. On their behalf, thank you very much.

SLEEP OVER →

REYNOLDS WRAP

The Social Staff hosts the Last All-Conference and No Play Cocktail Party this Friday at Treman. The bar is open wide; dress is casually elegant; the hors d'oeuvres--oeuvre-seen by Mary Duffy--are hot. This party to end all parties commences at 5:30, following Bauer, Arthur, and Tillinghast.

A PROMPTING

This reminder to please come to readings on time--and not to leave rudely in the middle of said readings--is from the Mother Superior, who will be stationing her staff outside the Theatre with pandybots, whatever they are, for the heedless.

ROAMIN' MEAL

If you must miss a meal, please sign yourself out ahead of time on the bulletin board by the dining hall. This is a boon to the Kitchen and Dining Room Staves. Speaking of which...

THEY ALSO SERVE

The long-awaited DRS Readings start tonight, after the Justice reading. The roster is as follows:

Thursday

Chris Balk	Poetry
Chris Kenneally	Fiction
Jeffrey Harrison	Poetry
Cheryl Potter-Otto	Fiction
Marian Yee	Poetry
Robert Boswell	Fiction
Suzy Berne	Fiction
Riika Melartin	Poetry
John Weir	Fiction
Tony Hoagland	Poetry
Ann Downer	Fiction

Friday

Cathleen Young	Fiction
Stuart Lishan	Poetry
Liz Richards	Fiction
Walter Pavlich	Poetry
Shalamar Sibley	Poetry
Paul Sladky	Fiction
Austin Alexis	Poetry
Fatima Lim	Poetry
Frank Soos	Fiction
Dennis Finnell	Poetry
Harry Dean	Poetry

The readings will be in The Blue Parlor, at 9:45.

TRACTSCRIPTS

Should you wish copies of the Tracts of Loaf--collected transcripts of the Scholars and Staff readings of the last few days--please sign up at the Secretaries' Office. A copy of this literary marvel will be available for perusal; fifty cents and your address will make one yours.

OVERHEARDS

Thank you for the overwhelming submissions on a day when they were needed. Here comes.

At a hall phone: "It's really strange up here--there's no scenery."

Everywhere you go it's just trees."

In the Barn: "Now that I've read this manuscript or relationship is totally platonic."

In a Saga of the Old West: "He writes his stories just like any other man, one word at a time."

In a Wolitzer Conference: "It's like your mother telling you to clean up your room."

In a Crowded Back Seat: "I have a gluteus minimus."

Thanks for waiting. May all your day's deeds be so crowned with virtue.

PLEASE TEAR OFF AND RETURN TO THE FRONT DESK TODAY

Name _____ Box # _____

Time of Departure _____, via _____

Room _____

Thanks! The Front Desk Humans

THE CRUMB

1970's
ISSUE ...

Vol. 59, No. 11 The Dead Loaf Grateful Conference Fri., Aug. 24, 1984

What we dream up must be lived down, I think.
--James Merrill

THE HIT LIST:

9:00	David Bain Robert Pack	Barn 1 Barn 2	Workshops
10:40	Staff	Panel Discussion: Literary Closure (Theatre)	
3:30	Steve Bauer Elizabeth Arthur Richard Tillinghast	Reading: Bauer, From a new novel, <u>Good Fortune</u> ; Arthur, From new novel, <u>Meeting at Chenega</u> ; Tillinghast, from the poems, incl. <u>Our Flag Was Still There</u> .	
8:15	Nicholas Delbanco	Reading from his Fiction...	

Hattie smiles. She permits herself day-waking dreams if the visions are not harmful, and no one could claim heaven daydreams ever did anyone harm. Her heaven is snow-white but warm. It is a storm of miracles, with everything unblemished and intact. Vermont is her heaven on earth. It is a kind of paradise, free from the disasters that beset the countries she reads of and almost every other state. It has no tidal waves or hurricanes because it has no ocean; it has no poisonous snakes. There are no earthquakes and no one dies of jungle fever, and no one dies because of rabid bats. There are rabid bats, all right, behind the Big House shutters, and she hears them squeak and rave but knows they will not bite her if she offers nothing to bite. Nor is there one recorded case of death by bat bites that transmitted rabies. There are no floods worth mentioning, or not enough to kill you, and there are few drought years in Vermont. It is Eden on earth except for a blizzard that maybe could cause you to freeze. But even then you had to be improvident and not amass the firewood, and there are no avalanches like she'd seen in Canada or the Swiss Alps. Men fire off their guns and the mountains fall. There are wood ticks in abundance that Judah picks off the dogs, but they do not carry Rocky Mountain spotted fever. He'd sit there squeezing and applying rubbing alcohol or matches to the ticks, and she'd be appalled at their blood-sucking tenacity--but it is not fatal in Vermont.

--Nicholas Delbanco, from Possession

BLAZING SADDLES

Please let the Front Desk Humans know when you plan to high-tail it on out of here.

TIP O'MEAL

The hungry little tip buckets for DR Staff and Snack Bar Ladies await you in their respective places. Please give generously.

HAND MAID

Tips for the maids may be left at the Front Desk in an envelope with the name of the appropriate building on it. This is nice to do.

GRANOLA

Tastes great with yogurt on it. Try some at the Salad Bar today.

GIVING GOOD WAIT

The Dining Room Staff will present the second half of their annual reading tonight at 9:45 in the Blue Parlor. It features:

Cathleen Young	Fiction	Paul Sladky	Fiction
Stuart Lishan	Poetry	Austin Alexis	Poetry
Liz Richards	Fiction	Fatima Lim	Poetry
Walter Pavlich	Poetry	Frank Soos	Fiction
Shalamar Sibley	Poetry	Dennis Finnell	Poetry
Cheryl Hiers	Fiction	Harry Dean	Poetry

The other side of midnight

REYNOLDS RAP

The Social Staff's Grandmaster Blaster has this to say:
Hey Brothers and-a Sisters I'm gonna help you Get a rep take a step
Cross the avenue Ain't real far And the Bar is free So say Boy Howdy
to a Canape Real hot items You'll be guaranteed rapt With Mary Duffy
as the Snack Table Capt. At the All-Comers Party on Treman Lawn
Where the Bread Loaf Campus puts a good face on Get a dress Wear a
vest Gotta look your best for This Eclectic Kool-Aid Grassed Test
Eauer Arthur Tillinghast Are gonna read first so they'll be there
last Dare to be there And dare to be dirty At the Lawn Jive party
Today Five-Thirty

LIGHT BEERERS

One last chance to Lindy at the Loaf this Saturday, as the graceful
Go-Go Gofers of the Social Staff present yet another Beer Dance in
the Barn. Ben Vereen and Andie Falana host, with guest appearance
by the Albert-Ailey Dance Troop, after Mark Strand's reading.

THE PEDAGOGUE PAPERS

Transcripts of the Scholars' readings are available from the Sec-
reatries' Office, with 50¢ and your address forfeit.

THE ORAL OFFICE

The Executive Staff's own brand of White House Tape is available too
from the Rosemary Wood Memorial Office: Transcripts of the Staff
of Loaf Readings, for 50¢ and an address. Thank you, Debbie Craig,
for your fine investigative reporting and your hard work in exposing
us all to the public.

THE COMMITTEE TO REMEMBER EVERY EMBARRASSMENT POSSIBLE

Overheard...
In Bridgman Cottage: "I'm in a great mood. Maybe it will last the
rest of my life."
On the Road to the Barn: A. "You're only 30? Don't worry--you're
a young poet until you're 40." B. "And when you're 50, you're one
of the young older poets." C. "And when you're dead, you're a con-
temporary poet."
On the Road to Treman: Q. "Is you're name Dick?" R. "Not yet."

THE BOOK OF LAUGHTER AND FORGETTING

Remember to insure joy in seasons ahead with a timely gift from the
Bread Loaf Bookstore. Fine Garments, Writing Materials, and Hairspray
in Regular and Super Hold are among the many fine gift items, not
to mention all those books by your neighbors...Come in for a look.

Time now to rest for the last issue of Bread Loaf,
tomorrow. For today, may your feet stay warm and dry.

P.S. If the grass stays wet Hell we won't forget We'll set the
Barn for the P.M. fete. --Ben

THE LAST CRUMB

Vol. 59, No. 12 The Bus Port Riders Conference Sat., Aug. 25, 1984

Every once in a while, we lapse into harmony.
--Richard Tillinghast

THE LAST MEAL:

9:00	Jerome Charyn William Matthews Donald Justice	Barn 1 Barn 2 Barn 6	Workshops
10:40	Francine Prose Nicholas Delbanco Linda Pastan	Barn 6 Barn 1 Barn 2	Workshops
4:00	Carol Oles David Huddle	Reading from the Poetry and the Fiction	
8:15	Mark Strand	Reading from <u>Fiction and Poetry</u> ...	

Even before the baby was born, its mother hired a sitter to prepare for the days when she'd need one. She told the sitter, "The baby's in the living room, but it's real small. If you don't see it, don't worry." Then the mother pretended to leave, and hid in the bushes outside the living-room window, watchig the sitter's every move. The tiny baby was so tiny that its mother never looked pregnant. And when it was born, it took a long time for the doctor to find it. If it had wings, it would have been a goldfinch or a chickadee. Primitives in the community who heard of the tiny baby joked that it was small because its father was far away. "Like a dot on the horizon," they said. The mother feared for the tiny baby, feared it would see every carpeted room as a prairie strewn with monuments, huge and upholstered, every tree as a green net of frangible light, every flower as a wound in the air. So she dressed the baby in a cat suit, with the soft gray stripes of a tabby, and sat in the afternoon sun, watching it bound and roll in the grass. Soon she doubted that such a deception would ensure the baby's safe passage into adulthood. She worried about the blades of grass, the thorns of bushes, the tumultuous advances of weather, to say nothing of the advances--caterwauling, indiscreet, brutishly fickle--of the neighborhood toms. The tiny baby's mother shuddered. She thought of removing the cat suit, but did nothing until the baby killed a mouse. Then the suit came off.

--Mark Strand, from "The Tiny Baby",
Fiction and Poetry

LAST FANDANGO WITH MARIS

All the dancing you can handle at the last Bread Loaf Gathering of the year--Saturday Night's Beer Dance. Unbutton your shirt and let loose for the last time possible, as the magical sounds of today's music once again rise towards the rafters and high-school memories swim before your glad eyes. Free beers for a Nichols.

Thanks be to the Social Staff for all their astonishing good works.

LASTING RECORDS

Today is the last day orders will be taken for Transcripts of Staff Lectures, Scholars' Readings, Admin. Staff Readings, etc. Please drop by.

LAST OF THE BIG-TIME SPENDERS

This is the Bookstore's last shopping day before Christmas, Chanukah, New Years, Valentine's Day, and next 4th of July. Swallow hard, set your jaw, and march right on in to clear the shelves. Books keep well, are easy to wrap, and can be bought here at reasonable sale prices before January, so stop by and see Sue Ellen, Karen, and Martha--you'll be glad you did.

LAST REQUEST

If you haven't stopped in at the Front Desk for travel arrangements, for heaven's sake don't forget!

PASS OVER →

PHILASTHROPY

Please remember to tip the folks who make your life easier: the Dining Room Staff, the Snack Barn Ladies, and the Maids. The proper places for tips are in the Dining Room, the Snack Bar, and the Maids' Box at the Front Desk--please indicate what building the tip is due to, for the last.

THE LAST SUPPER

Incidentally, tonight is the Farewell Banquet. Prepare for Pomp and Circumstance in lavish portions.

LASTLY COME HOME

Carol will be sending you information about the Writer's Conference Reunion, slated for the end of September. Please plan to come for this mellow, hearthside-oriented version of Bread Loaf.

LAST WRITES

The Writer's Conference's Address List is available at the Front Desk, keeping you within a postcard's length of everybody here.

LAST RIDES

If you can, plan to check out by 11:00 Sunday, for this place closes tight, fast.

LAST HEARD FROM

In the Barn: A. "One can be edified to death." B. "Yes, especially by oneself."
At Madrigals: "Obviously you have to take a breath before the second bosom... If you could hold it between both bosoms that would be ideal."
At the Cocktail Party: "I've given up my lime for your fly."

LAST CHANCE

George Murphy was dead serious about offering a position to all Girl Fridays as Office Manager of Tendril Magazine/Wampeter Press. He is still serious, and if you'd like to have room, board, low wages, and four-hour days that leave you time to write--and if you'd like all this aboard a houseboat on a lovely Key West beach--please see George today.

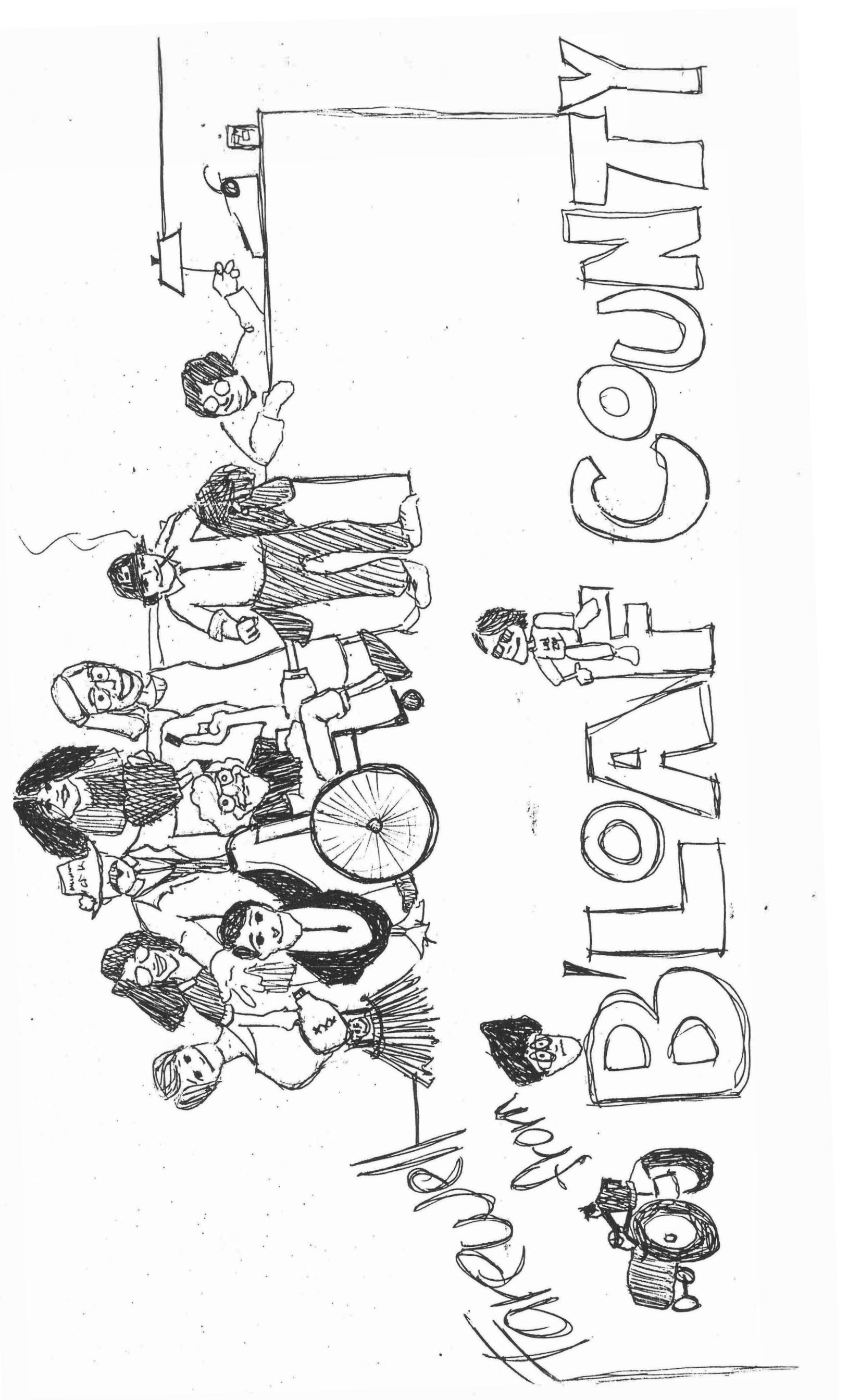
LAST WORDS:

I had had in mind a lot's.rmpmbr - our - golden - moments essay for this last issue, but after thinking about it, I decided that's a rather different process for each of us. On behalf of the staff -- and on my own -- I'd like to hope here that you had a long twelv days, and that you feel a little changed from your first day or two here. I especially hope it was for the good, whatever happened.

PLEASE think about each other, PLEASE come back sometime, and thank you for being such good news.

yours,

dog



The Cumb

Special 4th Reunion Edition /The Bread Loaf Writers' Conference/ September 28 - 30, 1984.

Readings! Readings! Readings! Readings! Readings! Readings! Readings!

Friday, September 28, 8:15 p.m.

Hilma Wolitzer
William Matthews
Tim O'Brien

Saturday, September 29, 3:00 p.m.

Wyatt Prunty
David Bain
Paul Mariani

Saturday, September 29, 8:15 p.m.

Linda Pastan
Robert Houston
Robert Pack

A MINI-ANTHOLOGY AND SOUVENIR SAMPLING

He could leave a note now, more durable than flowers. He could write the last line of that poem she loves, its meaning more ardent and accurate than anything he could invent. But she might come home with someone else, and a joint reading of that line is unthinkable. Maybe the exterminator would show up first and have a good laugh before he fogged the roaches.

In the Palomar Arms - Hilma Wolitzer

"Suddenly"

The truth is out, and nothing
is the same. You are
the last surprise, I am
an elk come too far south,
puzzled by villages.
Too late, too late, I run
through snowy fields
on melting legs.

- William Matthews

Imagine, next, the blond-haired boy
alone on his teeter-totter
at the hour of dusk,
poised at the fulcrum
one foot in fantasy
one foot in fear
hands stretching toward sun and moon,
shifting, shifting,
left to right,
helpless in the precarious
equilibrium
between youth and night.

from "In the Nuclear Age" - Tim O'Brien

Heads tilted and preened
in the parrot's mirror,
we keep pets within and without,
peered at and peering, ourselves
and our mascot daughter holding hands,
urging the birds from farthest corners
yet treating the cut-end branch
of instinct as a perch.

from "Canaries" - Wyatt Prunty

At breakfast there was silence. Aguinaldo's preoccupation was unshakable. Then came the portent of bad luck: a black butterfly hovering in the air near el presidente, signifying death or tragedy or loss to the person it touched. Barcelona watched mutely as his leader reached out to touch this symbol of disaster, but the butterfly fluttered out of reach, flew back toward Aguinaldo's hand, then disappeared out the window. "I'm getting more nervous each day," confessed the thirty-one-year-old incarnation of the revolution.

Several hours later, he learned that Americans had entered the village of Guinaang, found the fourteen malarial soldiers, and shot them dead as they lay on their pallets.

Sitting in Darkness - David Bain

This now, this present, was a gift,
a being and a being satisfied,
an easy antiphon of quiet discourse,
of tobacco smoked in peace, the rich
peculiar pitch of silence and of katydid.

from "The Respite" - Paul Mariani

"Prunus Mume"

for Joan and Peter

You chose from the Japanese
a plum tree whose delicate
calligraphy scents parchments,
haiku, soup bowls, documents
of courtship. It gives you
instead of dusky night plums,
high noon apricots. How strange,
as when the goose saw in all
that barny straw not the
usual plain egg but one
of gold; or, walking between
white columns into a house
of federal grey, to be
greeted not with cool welcome
but with a scramble of dogs
and children.

- Linda Pastan

As we walked inland, we saw trees called ceiba that rose straight up for hundreds of feet -- their trunks were oyster white, with no leaf or branch at all -- then broke out into huge umbrellas of leaves and limbs and Spanish moss. Macaws the color of an artist's palette sat in them and screeched at us, or dove and flashed in the sunlight. There were old haciendas along the road, spread out at the ends of long lanes, and fruit orchards stretching behind them as far as we could see. And in the cool air of the morning, before the rains came, we saw a line of volcanoes like lace on the horizon, sir, like the world was about to be created all over again.

The Nation Thief - Robert Houston

It burns in oranges without a voice.
The mountains are no longer far away.
Within the flames I think I see your face--
Or is it mine? What has it come to say?
The Green Mountains come--the flames' black cover:
A human season turneth, and is over.

from "To an Unknown Reader" - Robert Pack

THE BREAD LOAF WRITERS' CONFERENCE

The Bread Loaf Campus

Ripton, Vermont

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September 29, 1984